

# The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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John Vickers

### Miss Vivien Leigh as Lady Teazle

For the brief period of an afternoon's matinee performance, Miss Vivien Leigh forsook Shaw for Sheridan. She left the problems of Mrs. Dubedat for the lighter responsibilities of Lady Teazle. Playing opposite her as Sir Peter Teazle was Mr. Cyril Maude. The performance was given to celebrate Mr. Maude's eightieth birthday and nearly a thousand pounds was raised during the afternoon to be divided between the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund and Actors' Benevolent Fund. Mr. Maude also appeared with Dame Irene Vanburgh in Pinero's *A Seat in the Park*. Among other distinguished members of the theatrical profession who supported the programme in favourite parts were Lilian Braithwaite, Fay Compton, Edith Evans, Kay Hammond, Gordon Harker, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, Ivor Novello, Count John McCormack and Sir John Martin-Harvey.





# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## On the Western Front

**L**AST week's great air raids on western Germany realised a first stage in a bombing programme which has been the aim of the Air Staff for a long time past. During the height of the German raids on London I remember hearing the Chief of Staff, Sir Charles Portal, saying to the Vice-Chief, Sir Wilfrid Freeman: "I am thinking of the morning when I shall look at the reports and inquire why did we only have a thousand planes out over Germany last night?" At that time it seemed an almost impossible idea and I ventured to inquire when these experts thought that that day might come. The answer came back like a flash: "In 1942." Well, here it is; and this despite the fact that we have had to despatch bombers to the Far East and the Middle East on a scale which at that time could hardly have been foreseen.

The planning of our aircraft production has certainly been one of our finest achievements in the war and it may well prove to be of decisive influence in compelling Germany to lay down her arms much earlier than some people have thought possible. Much of the credit for the actual operations goes to Air Marshal A. T. Harris—"Bert" to a very large circle of friends in the Air Force—for the skill and organisation which made it possible to get this great host of planes away to the targets and safely back to their aerodromes with such relatively light losses. Air Vice-Marshal J. E. A. Baldwin, the first of his rank to be allowed to go out on a great operation, thus emulates the example set by several distinguished American Air Staff officers, including General "Mike"

Scanlon, who was for long air attaché at the American Embassy in London.

## Round the World Echo

**A**PART from the terrific material and moral blow struck directly at the enemy, the propaganda effect of these great 1,000-plane raids has done incalculable good to the cause of the United Nations. It was immediately evident that the news was running like wildfire through Russia and was a cause for great encouragement to the Red Army and Air Force in its fierce grapple with the main weight of the German forces. In America the immediate effect was still further to spur on the aircraft workers and the crews in training so that they might hasten the day when United States Bomber Command in Britain would be able to play its own weighty part in waging the offensive on the Western Front.

Throughout the occupied countries, too, the effect of this news as it slowly spread was of encouragement to the millions of half-starving oppressed peoples. Particularly it must have been gratifying for the French, who have themselves had to suffer under earlier blows of the R.A.F. in order that their factories could not be compelled to turn out armaments and other war supplies for the common enemy. After the Cologne raid the message of congratulation to Bomber Command was sent by the Prime Minister, but after Essen the more normal procedure of congratulations from his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Air, Sir Archibald Sinclair, was restored. It was good, too, to see the King himself sending a message to the Eighth Army in Libya on its "resounding

success" in thwarting Rommel's heavy offensive.

## In the Burning Desert

**I**T was a major achievement to have halted this attack, which was designed to bring the enemy within easy striking distance of our naval base at Alexandria. If it proves to have been possible to pass from defence to offence, then the potentialities of what is going on in the burning sands of the Libya desert can become of most far reaching significance. On this occasion there was perfect agreement between the British Commander-in-Chief back in Cairo and his Army Commander in the field. Excellent intelligence work must have been done, for the British forces had been able to anticipate just how Rommel would plan his attack and were ready for him. Incidentally, it is possible that on this occasion we may have benefited from certain rather serious blunders which we made in earlier battles in the desert. Rommel certainly seems to have suffered from over-confidence. None the less he is clearly a general of great personal courage and resource. Thus writing in advance of the final outcome it is still necessary to be on guard against too exuberant rejoicing.

An excellent feature of the first phases of the battle was the fine showing put up by the Fighting French division which, caught in an extremely hot spot, gave no inch of ground to the enemy. While this is by no means the first important military action in which the Fighting French have been engaged it is undoubtedly the most important. It will have been a tonic to all France as the news spread that the British commanders in the field were paying specially warm tributes to the part which this division, under the command of General Koenig, was playing in the whole operation.

## Future of France

**I**N the view of General de Gaulle it is of cardinal importance for the recovery of France from the collapse that the French people should feel that they themselves have had a share in the ultimate defeat of their Axis



Commanding the Women Ferry Pilots

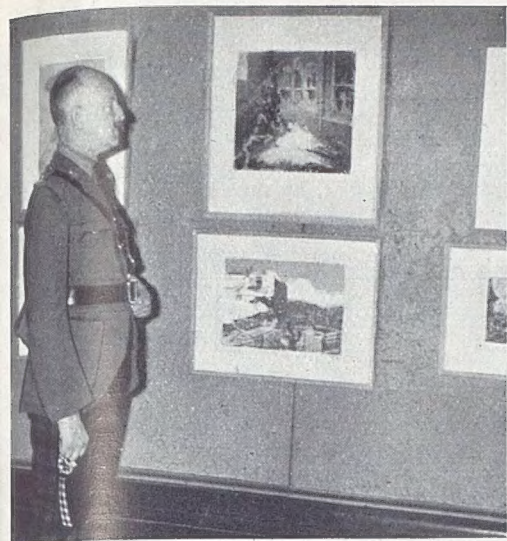
Miss Pauline Gower, head of the Women's Air Transport Auxiliary, is seen here with Miss Jacqueline Cochran, recruiter and leader of the American women pilots now flying with the W.A.T.A. in Britain. Both British and American women now share in the work of flying new aircraft from the factories to the squadrons who will use them, having hitherto only been allowed to handle training aircraft. Miss Gower, who founded, and commands, the women's section of the A.T.A., is a daughter of Sir Robert Gower M.P.



Planning a Vast Air Training Programme

About a hundred delegates from the allied countries attended the conference on air training opened in Ottawa last month. Amongst the allied representatives there were; Major-General Barton F. Young, Commanding the U.S. Flying Training School; Captain Harold H. Balfour, M.P., British Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Air; Major-General T. H. Shen, Commanding the Chinese Air Forces in the U.S.; and Major-General L. H. Van Oyen, Commander of the Dutch Air Force in East Indies

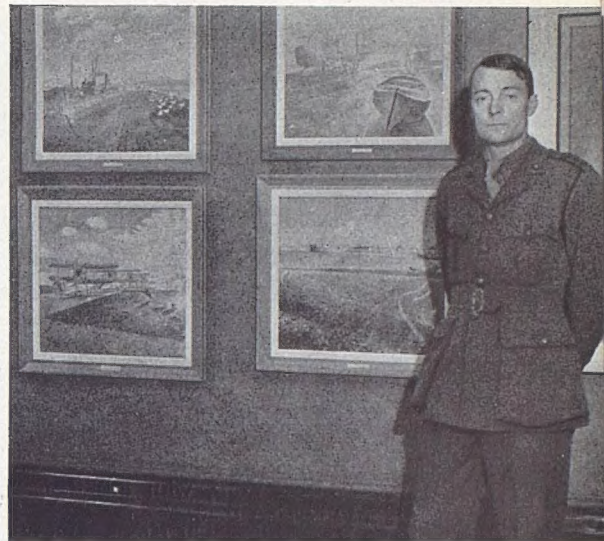




Two rooms of new war pictures were opened at the National Gallery last month. Colonel Louis Keene was photographed beside his painting of Canadian troops putting out incendiary bombs in front of the officers' mess



Richard Eurich painted this picture: "Rescue of the only survivor of a torpedoed merchant ship." Eurich, who is official war artist to the Admiralty, was made an A.R.A. this year. His picture, "Dunkirk Beach," was bought by the Canadian Government last year



Eric Ravilious, another official war artist to the Admiralty, has several new paintings in the exhibition. The new rooms contain pictures of a greater variety of subjects than ever before, including a series of pictures on the war in Russia

### War Artists and Some of the New War Pictures at the National Gallery

enemies. Frenchmen who have until very recently been in their own country fully endorse that idea. They think it would be a disaster were an Anglo-American expeditionary force to enter France unaccompanied by Fighting French divisions. The people want to feel that, aided by the United Nations, they have succeeded in throwing out the hated enemy and it is perfectly plain that this hatred of Germany and Italy is mounting steadily.

Frenchmen in France, as in other parts of the world, are thinking actively about the problems of the post-war world and it is only natural that the National Committee in London should be addressing some of its attention to this question. Several study committees have been formed in Carlton Gardens, where General de Gaulle has his headquarters, for this purpose. The general himself has made it plain recently that liberated France must make her own decisions on her form of government. He does not believe that they will accept any system imposed on them by emigre Frenchmen who have not shared their hardships. It is in the country itself that the new government will arise, formed probably by new leaders who have been thrown up in the villages and the factories. Certainly it will not be shaped by the men of Vichy.

#### The Heydrich Affair

It was natural that some people should have jumped to the conclusion that the attack on Heydrich, which has disposed of one of Hitler's foulest lieutenants, was plotted by the High Command. Certainly there had been a good deal of evidence of friction between the Gestapo "Protector" of Bohemia-Moravia and General Buessing, the commander-in-chief. On the other hand Heydrich had for long been known as the spy of the High Command inside the Nazi Party and if he was killed at German instigation this was probably the outcome of a private hatred rather than as a matter of high policy.

In fact all the measures instantly taken to investigate the plot showed Himmler and his agents profoundly convinced that the attack was carried out by enemy agents who had been dropped by parachute in the "Protectorate" and had been kept in concealment by the Czechs. Whoever may have been the men who struck this most welcome blow it does appear that they must have had their lines of communication inside the Gestapo machine,

for only so could they have known the route by which Heydrich would travel. All of which is just one more little indication that all is not well inside the German hierarchy.

#### Trained in Espionage

As the protege and afterwards the intimate confidante of Admiral Canaris, an expert in the arts of espionage, Heydrich made rapid progress. He was only twenty-seven when he suddenly left the navy in 1931 to volunteer in Munich as a member of Hitler's Nazi Party. Having successfully blackmailed his superior, Erich Koch, the gauleiter of East Prussia, by the simple expedient of making love to Koch's wife and thus creating the opportunity to steal some of his secret papers, Heydrich never looked back. Within an astonishingly short time he had become Colonel of the S.S. and Police Chief of the Nazi Party, then adjutant to Himmler, than whom he quickly became much more powerful, through flattering his vanity and working quietly for his own advancement. Not only did Heydrich become head of the Criminal Police but also of the Secret State Police, which crushes all opponents of the Nazis and, in addition, head of the Internal Espionage Department of the Party, technically under Himmler.

#### Mr. Winant's Future

PERSONALLY I do not attach much importance to a revival of reports that Mr. John G. Winant, the United States Ambassador in London, will shortly be returning to Washington, there to take up an important post in the Government. President Roosevelt is known to attach high importance to the value of the work which Mr. Winant can do in London and is not likely to disturb an arrangement which is working exceedingly well. Rumours have apparently been floating round in Washington that Mr. Cordell Hull, who has not enjoyed the best of health in recent years, would soon be laying down his task as Secretary of State and that Mr. Winant was his most likely successor. Here again I believe that the rumour-mongers are misinformed, Mr. Hull has a finer grasp of world affairs than any possible successor who springs to mind and is, in addition, a tower of political strength to the President. According to my information he has no intention of resigning now or in any immediately predictable future. Quite certainly he will not be requested to do so by Mr. Roosevelt.

#### U.S. and the Balkans

WASHINGTON is having unusual opportunities to increase its first-hand knowledge of central and south-eastern European problems just now. It is not so long since General Sikorski, the Polish Premier and C. in C. came back from a visit. Now King George of Greece is there and he is to be followed shortly by King Peter of Yugoslavia. There are considerable populations of both Greeks and Yugoslavs in the United States and the visits of these two monarchs can do nothing but good, assuming, of course, that both are well handled.

Report is busy that a Balkan royal engagement of marriage may be announced very shortly. If this proves to be true it will result in a closer union between two neighbouring states both of which are loyal and gallant members of the United Nations though now groaning under the German yoke.



#### Commemoration of American Memorial Day

On American Memorial Day, Rear-Admiral Kirk, the United States Naval Attaché, and Brigadier-General McClure, laid a wreath at the Cenotaph in memory of the officers and men of the United States Army and Marine Corps who lie buried in the British Isles. This ceremony was followed by a service at St. Margaret's, Westminster, when Mr. John Winant, the American Ambassador, read the lesson



# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

By George Campbell

## The Kordas Film Kipling

*Jungle Book* (the kindly beasts defeat savage, greedy man), *Joan of Paris* (Free French airman and barmaid friend defeat the Gestapo), *Unpublished Story* (Fleet Street defeats the Fifth Column), *Charley's American Aunt* (undergraduates defeat Mrs. Grundy), *The Fleet's In* (vulgarity and jitterbugs defeat at least one critic)—so goes the war on the Wardour Street front, with this department fighting to the last man.

Some Rudyardites will take a sour view of the Kordas' *Jungle Book* (Alexander produced, Zoltan directed and Vincent contrived the wonderfully exotic sets), and though not of the cummerbund school myself, and never at my best with a memsahib over tiffin, I can see why. To make the story box-office its original qualities have been transformed or intensified to the nth. What began as a satirical fable emerges as a savage melodrama, full of greed, hatred, cowardice (on the part of men), and bloody deeds, and everything in the jungle garden is unlovely and frightening. Frightening? Offhand I would have said that this picture is likely to scare children out of their wits; but on second thoughts I'm inclined to think that this may be the well-meant drivelling of senility. There comes a time to all of us when we forget what we enjoyed when children—the horrors of *Grimm*, the slaughter and scalplings of the Buffalo Bill saga, the sudden death meted out to sinners in generation after generation of sternly moral "bloods."

Psychologists and other well-meaning busy-bodies solemnly declared that Walt Disney's *Snow White* would give millions of children nightmares and neuroses. Maybe slick lawyers will be using this defence at the Old Bailey twenty years hence, at the trial of the latest axe murderer, but so far the youngsters of my acquaintance seem perfectly normal.

On the whole I fancy it is the psychologists and their lisping boy friends who may be jarred to their sensitive cores by the horrors in *Jungle Book*. The great mass of the public will reckon it a spectacular and entertaining cross between Kipling and Tarzan, and let it go at that. It only remains to add that Vincent Korda's jungle backgrounds have a wild luxuriance almost incredible when you remember that it was all shot in the Hollywood studio, and that Sabu sniffs and howls his way satisfactorily through the part of Mowgli the wolf boy. *Jungle Book* is at the Gaumont, Haymarket.

WHEN it comes to tales of espionage and Fifth Columns and hairbreadth escapes—well, you know what my old friend Henry James said. "George," said my colleague (he was also a critic, of a sort), "you certainly are a sucker for whodunits and hoss operas." Even starting with this prejudice in its favour, I cannot believe that *Joan of Paris* is better than second rate. This thriller about five airmen who come down in Paris and make their

escape (all except the one who dies to celestial harmonies off stage, a-babbling of pink clouds) is played by those charming young people, Michele Morgan and Paul Henreid, with Laird Cregar as a Gestapo chief, frightfully affable and suave and sinister and all that. Probably the best thing in the film is the pursuit of the hero by the stocky little bloodhound of the Gestapo, on and on, through cafes, dark streets, a music hall, a rainstorm, taxi cabs and fiacres, to end at last in a nightmarish struggle in a Turkish bath while the steam eddies and swirls blindingly around them.

The direction, by the young Englishman, Robert Stevenson, is sound enough, except for one or two over-sentimental touches. The final "tally-ho, Paul," as the heroine goes out to face the firing squad, touched the depths of bathos. Nevertheless see this uneven, at times gripping melodrama for Paul Henreid's sincerity and distinction, Michele Morgan's endearing charm, and such effective scenes as the interview in the cell between the priest (Thomas Mitchell) and the British agent who is afraid to confide the name and address of his helpers and comrades in Paris lest it be just another Nazi trap. The man has been beaten with rubber hoses, tortured with blinding lights, and he almost cracks—but not quite. If Mitchell is a priest, where is his Bible? Mitchell produces it. How very thorough, how typical of the Gestapo, sneers the man about to die. He snatches the book. If his visitor is really a priest, he should know his Bible. He names a verse. Concentrating every nerve—for he can hardly be expected to know the Bible by heart—the priest stumbles through it. A second test, and again, after a pause, the priest comes through. And convinced at last, the prisoner confides the names of the men who must be found and warned, and walks out, "all passion spent," to keep his appointment with death.

*Unpublished Story* gives us London during the early days of the blitz, as seen through the eyes of two Fleet Street reporters, Valerie Hobson and Richard Greene. Beginning with Dunkirk, the tale switches to London, with Fifth Columnists operating through a Peace union. The scenes of destruction in Dockland are particularly well done, the action keeps moving, and the acting is good all round. It is odd to see Roland Culver, usually the stoutest of stout fellers, playing a leader of the gang, and Basil Radford a secret agent on the British side; both give excellent performances. Miss Hobson brings intelligence and charm to the part of the girl reporter, and Mr. Greene shows a new maturity and depth as the war correspondent who comes back to tell the lessons of Flanders, with Fifth Columnists spreading confusion and panic. Antony Havelock-Allan was part author of the story as well as producer, and Harold French joins the thin red line of British directors of proved competence.

SOME years ago there was a Broadway success about a sailor who took a bet that he would seduce a certain young woman, of known high resistance, in so many days or hours. (Or it might have been minutes—it was that sort of play). For a long time the Hay's office banned it, but I seem to detect a basic similarity in the plot of *The Fleet's In* (Plaza). This raucous musical will enchant the jitterbugs. For my part, the less said the fewer lawsuits. As for *Charley's American Aunt*, with Jack Benny playing the unwilling duenna, I can only say that I sat down with a grim resolve to stick it and ended by laughing, in places, till I shamelessly cried.

[Mr. James Agate is still indisposed but hopes to resume his film article next week.]



Alfred Hitchcock's latest film "Saboteur"

"Saboteur," as its name suggests, is a film of sabotage, of flight and pursuit and the constant tension of suspense. Barry (Robert Cummings) an honest young workman is suspected of sabotage in an aeroplane factory in California. He gets away from the police, meets Pat (Priscilla Lane) who believes in his innocence, and finally honour is restored when he is instrumental in saving a battleship from being blown up as it is launched. Above Barry and Pat hear the nation-wide broadcast calling upon officers of the law to arrest Barry





Paul Lavallier leaves his companions in the care of his old teacher, Father Antoine. He himself goes to the Cafe Danglars to distract the attention of Gestapo agents who are on their track. Joan, the barmaid at the cafe, gives Paul shelter in her attic room. (Paul Henreid and Michele Morgan)

## Joan of Paris

Modern Joan of Arc  
Saves R.A.F. Flyers

Michele Morgan and Paul Henreid, two film stars well known in Europe, make their Hollywood debut in *Joan of Paris*, directed by Robert Stevenson. As Joan, a barmaid at the Cafe Danglars, Michele is able to help Paul Lavallier (Paul Henreid), a Free French flyer, and four of his British comrades forced down in Occupied France, to escape the Gestapo. She falls in love with Paul and it is only at the cost of her own life that she is able to ensure his safety and the safety of his crew. With Michele Morgan and Paul Henreid in *Joan of Paris* are Thomas Mitchell, Laird Cregar, May Robson and Alan Ladd



Joan hears that a British spy is to be shot. She goes to see Father Antoine (Thomas Mitchell) who promises to see the spy in prison and learn the name of the chief British agent in Paris who will help Paul and his companions to escape. By this time Joan is in love with Paul and is willing to risk her life for his safety



Baby (Alan Ladd), youngest member of the flying crew, is badly wounded. In spite of civilian clothes stolen from a deserted country inn, the suspicions of the Gestapo are aroused. Father Antoine leads the men through a secret door down into the great Paris sewers where Baby can rest in some security



With the help of the British agent in Paris (May Robson) it is arranged that a stolen Nazi patrol boat shall pick up the men and take them to a rendezvous with a British plane. The Gestapo chief, Funk (Laird Cregar) traps Joan. To gain time she promises to lead him to the hiding place of the wanted men. They arrive in time to hear the roar of the departing speedboat. Paul is safe and, with this knowledge, Joan smilingly faces the firing squad



# The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

## Hamlet: Sadler's Wells Ballet (New)

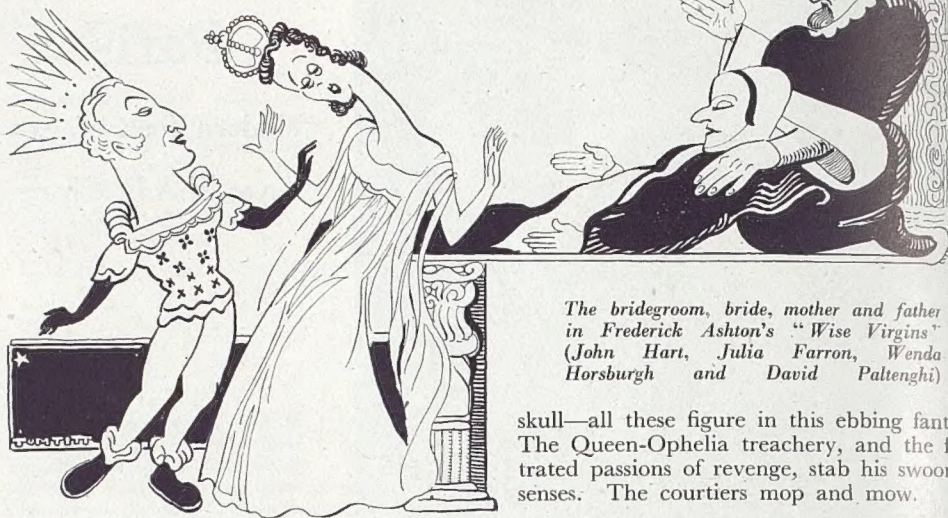
**H**AMLET is, I suppose, about the last character one might have expected to meet as the hero of a ballet. But then Terpsichore is an enterprising muse, and this is no ordinary ballet. The lovely little masque inspired by Milton's *Comus*, with which Mr. Robert Helpmann enchanted us earlier in the season, had prepared us for something unusual, if hardly for so striking a work as this. His *Hamlet*, indeed, while no less original a composition than his *Comus*, is even more impressive, and should be as eagerly discussed as widely enjoyed.

Swinging the musical classics is an impenitent fashion that offends the purist while delighting the crowd. Dancing them was an enterprise given popularity and a cachet by the Russian ballet. Chopin, Brahms, Beethoven, Mozart and other masters all served their turn. *Les Sylphides*, that ineffable translation of Chopin into terms of the dance, was not only a pioneer work, but remains, after more than thirty years of popularity, perhaps the purest as well as the most delightful of the Russian classics.

The turn of the literary classics was bound to come. Mr. Helpmann resorts to them with confidence and discretion. In drawing upon Milton and Shakespeare, he traduces neither master, but takes from them only such inspirational capital as serves his purpose, and justifies the debt by his use of it.

**L**IKE *Comus*, his *Hamlet* is a choreographic impression of the play, rather than a mimed parallel of its plot; a kind of plastic tableaux vivants that presents, as it were, the play's rarefied essence, not its narrative counterpart. Ballet, pure and simple, it is an independent work of art of a rare and lovely order; and to attempt closely to collate its action with that of the play would be to pursue elusive analogies.

Of the two ballets, the *Hamlet* seems to me in some ways the more successful. It is so consistent in mood and, above all, so effectively theatrical. The blending of its prime elements—dancing, decoration and music—



The bridegroom, bride, mother and father in Frederick Ashton's "Wise Virgins" (John Hart, Julia Farron, Wenda Horsburgh and David Paltenghi)

is close and congenial. They are equal and happy partners. The emotional effect aimed at is quickly achieved and brilliantly sustained. It has the throbbing, irrational intensity of a dream.

**M**R. HELPMANN'S keen sense of the theatre is shown by the co-ordination between the ballet's technical and æsthetic features, his skill in the economy with which he makes each point without interrupting its mood. Though the action is confined to one scene, the heart of the tragedy is there, epitomised and presented from Hamlet's point of view. Were the spectator previously unacquainted with the story, it is possible that its detail might not be explicit; but narrative niceties were never the inspired choreographer's chief concern. Happy, in fact, is the ballet that has no story.

We are given, then, the salient features of Hamlet's tragedy selected and sharpened by the delirium of approaching death. They are presented as the visions that swirl and commingle in his mind as he is borne shoulder-high from the holocaust. Now this, now that poignant memory swims up and is submerged. Laertes, the king, the ghost, the grave-digger (like the Moor in *Petroushka*) trundling the

skull—all these figure in this ebbing fantasy. The Queen-Ophelia treachery, and the frustrated passions of revenge, stab his swooning senses. The courtiers mop and mow.

**T**HIS is a ballet to review by description rather than by analysis. The jargon of balletomanes would not reveal its quality. There is little formal dancing, and herein lies much of the ballet's originality and theatrical force. The stage picture—a grotesque dream-scape which has something of the symbolism of a Blake drawing—is designed by Mr. Leslie Hurry. It is his first theatre work, and admirably sets the action which is kept fluid by Tchaikovsky's music.

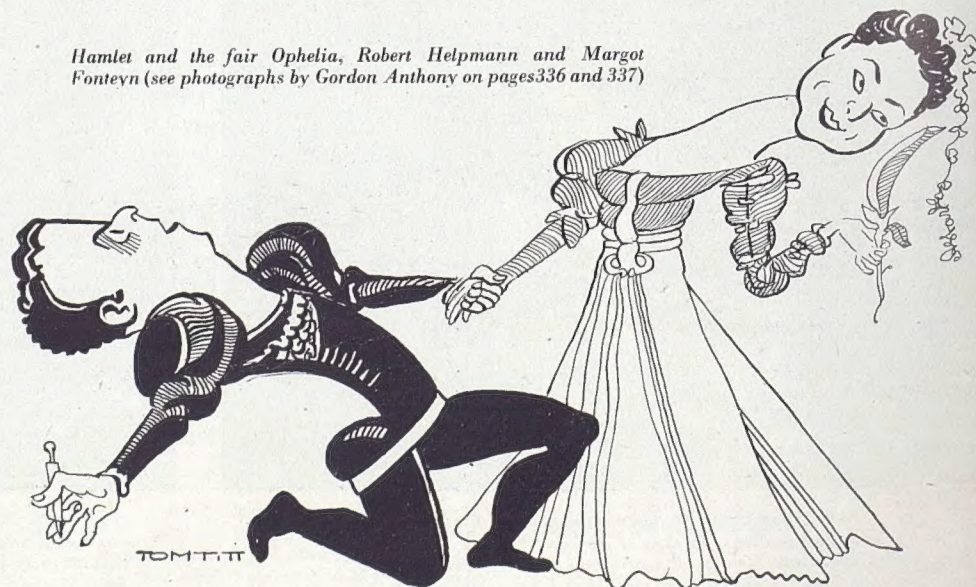
The reputation of the Sadler's Wells Company, already high, is enhanced by this production. Led by Mr. Robert Helpmann and Miss Margot Fonteyn, whose Ophelia adds another to her gallery of beauties, each character is individual yet merged in the composition as a whole.

*Hamlet* and *Comus* are but two of the items in the current repertory, which includes *The Wise Virgins*, with its lovely Bach obligato and baroque decoration, the Rowlandson *Prospect*, the Watteau-Handel pastoral, and other charmers. These are all a complete contrast to the older, full-length classics, and the more one sees of them, the greater is one's admiration for the artists concerned, and for Ninette de Valois, creator of the ballet, and its mistress and mainstay. London may well be as proud as fond of such a company.



Sketches by  
Tom Titt

(Left)  
The King and Queen  
of Denmark (David  
Paltenghi and Celia  
Franca) in Robert  
Helpmann's second  
ballet "Hamlet"



Hamlet and the fair Ophelia, Robert Helpmann and Margot Fonteyn (see photographs by Gordon Anthony on pages 336 and 337)





Vivienne

## Bee Lillie Goes Down South American Way

Beatrice Lillie is one of the big hits of Charles B. Cochran's *Big Top* at His Majesty's. In "South American Way," although no names are mentioned, her pointed caricature is unmistakable. Is there another comedienne who can achieve such a maximum of effect with such a minimum of effort? With a shrug of her shoulders, an inflexion of her voice, a lift of her eyebrows, volumes are spoken. She is exquisitely funny in a surprise number, "The Lady in Grey," singing mournfully and most misleadingly about wind round the heart, and in "Bird Song," when she tears to tatters with unerring absurdity the romance of early-morning passion. The fact that Herbert Farjeon, whose witty satire and brilliant writing are already known well to "Tatler" readers, is the author of *Big Top* should, in itself, be a recommendation for everyone who can to visit His Majesty's



# Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

## Newmarket Winners

EVERYONE at Court with friends in the racing world is being subjected to persistent questioning about the possibility of the King's stable bringing off a big double at Newmarket this week. Although racing is not one of his Majesty's major interests, he has become very enthusiastic about Sun Chariot and Big Game, and he recently visited Beckhampton stable and had a long talk with Mr. Fred Darling, the trainer, and Gordon Richards, the jockey. To one or two close friends, the King has confided that to win the Derby would be a real delight to him. Tall, grey-moustached Captain Charles Moore, who looks after the business side of the royal racing stables (his official title is Manager of his Majesty's Thoroughbred Stud), smiles non-committally and shakes his head when he is asked directly about the races, but he is obviously highly elated by the thought that one of the King's horses may bring the royal colours to their first Derby victory since Minoru won for King Edward VII. in 1909.

## Princess Elizabeth Entertains the Guards

LIVERIED royal servants in their gorgeous apparel added a delightful sense of ceremony to the dance at which Princess Elizabeth entertained officers of her own regiment, the Grenadier Guards, as well as a good many other young men of the Brigade. The dance was preceded by a private dinner-party at which some of the senior officers, and some personal friends of the Princess, were the guests of the King and Queen. Both the King and the Queen as well as Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret joined in the dancing, which went on till well after midnight. The Queen enjoyed the party as much as anyone. Her Majesty loves to dance, whether it be the old-fashioned Scottish dances that she learned in her own childhood, and has, in turn, passed on to her two daughters, or modern fox-trots or rumbas.

## Setting the Pace

LORD WIGRAM, who throughout his sixty-nine years of busy life always seems to have found time to do as much work in his spare time as would occupy most men all their time, is devoting a great deal of his energies just now to furthering the sports fund of the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John War Organisation. Apart from this, Lord Wigram, who was Private Secretary to King George V. for five years, is permanent Lord-in-Waiting to the King, Keeper of the Royal Archives, President of Westminster Hospital, Deputy Constable of Windsor Castle, a Governor of Wellington College, an F.R.G.S., an F.R.H.S. and an F.Z.S.—and, never hurried, he finds time to deal with all these varied activities, and to spend a good many hours each week tending the lovely moat garden that surrounds his home, the Round Tower at Windsor Castle. Like so many other well-known folk, Lord Wigram gave up his big car early in the war, and uses a small-horse-power saloon of a popular make.

## Family News

LADY CAREY-EVANS, the attractive elder daughter of Mr. Lloyd George, is very busy running a Welsh Services Club in Gray's Inn Road. Her husband is Medical Superintendent at Hammersmith Hospital, and they have a house in Du Cane Road. Sir Thomas and Lady Carey-Evans were not able to attend the wedding of their daughter, Eluned, who got married in Canada recently. Eluned went to Canada in 1939 (just before the war) for a month's sight-seeing holiday. War conditions kept her out there, so she went to Toronto University to study medicine—and met her future husband! He is a doctor, too, and the son of a doctor in Toronto; she is now Mrs. Robert Laidlaw MacMillan.

Lord and Lady Londonderry have been having a very anxious time, for their eldest daughter,



Miss Mary Profumo *Swabe*

Miss Mary Profumo is one of the two sisters of Captain John Profumo, the M.P. for Kettering, Northampton. Besides her work for the M.T.C., of which she is a member, she has been acting as secretary to her brother since his election to Parliament in 1941. She is a daughter of the late Baron Profumo, of Avon Carew, Warwickshire

Lady Maureen Stanley, has been seriously ill at a clinic in London. However, at the time of writing this she is a little better. Fortunately, the Londonderrys, who made themselves a flat at the top of their Park Lane house over a year ago, have been able to make it their headquarters during their daughter's illness, and their youngest girl, Mairi, now Viscountess Bury, has been there too. Lady Bury left her baby girl in Ireland, and has been busy driving and serving round and about London in a mobile canteen belonging to the Women's Legion.

## Coming Home

ENGLISH friends of Mr. and Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston will be glad to hear that at last there is some likelihood of their return after having been in the U.S.A. since the early days of the war. They have made various efforts recently, but it is not so easy to get priority on the 'planes, with such a long waiting list. Lord Luke and the Lady Mayoress are among the many who will give their brother and his pretty American wife a warm welcome when he does arrive.

## Royal Duchess in Manchester

THE Red Cross and St. John Ambulance War Organisation are holding an exhibition in Manchester which, on the same day, was opened by Lady Stanley and visited by the Duchess of Gloucester.

The exhibition is of work showing each phase of the organisation's activity, and includes book-binding and curative handicrafts which soldiers, sailors or airmen have done to help them on the road to recovery, demonstrations of surgical appliances and packing of prisoners-of-war parcels.

## From Lytham St. Anne's

THE Central Hospital Supply Service held a rally at Lytham St. Anne's, but were disappointed that their chairman, Lady Falmouth, could not be there, as she was called to an important Red Cross meeting in London.

Lady Bridgeman, deputy chairman, took her place, and addressed the rally for the first time in this area.

Members from Windermere, Penrith, Ormskirk, Darwen, Burnley, Lancaster and several other towns in the north-west were there, most of them bringing samples of their work, which was excellent.

Next day representatives of the Lytham St. Anne's Depot, the Starr Hills, went to a meeting held in the Lecture Hall of the Central



Three County Presidents and Some Helpers for Red Cross Flag Day *Yevonile*

Lady Camden and Lady Violet Astor (in uniform), joint County Presidents for Kent, visited a convalescent nursing home for Service men at Sevenoaks, and inspected preparations for Red Cross Flag Day, which was held on June 9th. Mrs. H. E. M. Dobbie and Miss Susan Surtées (centre) were arranging the flags in trays



The Duchess of Northumberland is County President of the British Red Cross Society for Surrey, and chairman of the Surrey Joint War Committee. She was recently elected Hon. President of the B.R.C.S. branch in Northumberland





Miss Jacqueline Carlisle

Swabe

The only daughter of Major and Mrs. J. C. Denton Carlisle, Miss Jacqueline Carlisle is a member of the M.T.C., and is at present driving for the American Military Attachés in London. Her mother is a well-known pre-war hostess and a hard worker in the cause of charity

Library in Manchester, which was addressed by Lady Falmouth. Both she and Lady Bridgeman have written to the Regional Officer, Alderwoman Miss Kingsmill Jones, appreciating the amount and quality of the work.

Lady Falmouth wrote: "I cannot say enough of my admiration of all these people who have worked so nobly at this time."

#### Transatlantic Friendship

LADY DOWNE addressed a meeting in Bridlington Town Hall on the subject of the Anglo-American Pen Friends Scheme. The Mayor of Bridlington, Alderman T. D. Fenby, J.P., presided, and welcomed Lady Downe, of Wykeham Abbey; Lord Middleton (Lord

Lieutenant of the East Riding), Mrs. Hines (promoter of the scheme), Mrs. Travis (American) and an American in the R.A.F.

The idea is that English and American school-children should correspond with one another, in the interests of social welfare and better understanding between the two countries. Miss Dorothy Thompson was quoted as quoting that "the pen is mightier than the sword," and apparently Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt had written asking for hundreds of letters. Many have actually been exchanged during the last two years, and Hilderthorpe and Bempton children have been sending letters, photographs and gifts to children at the Custer School in Detroit, but the movement has scope for copious enlargement.

#### Wedding

MR. E. I. LLOYD MOSTYN and Miss A. L. T. Dawson were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. The bride is the daughter of Sir Hugh and Lady Dawson, of Rede Hall, in Surrey; the bridegroom, in the Scots Guards, is the son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. James Mostyn, the Old Mill House, also in Surrey. The bride's father gave her away, and Mr. Tom Bland, Scots Guards, was best man. People there, besides parents, included Lady Halliday, Lady Lloyd Mostyn, Lord Mostyn, Mrs. Edward Dez Graz, Maria Lady Bowlby, Major and Mrs. Bolitho, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield and Lady Chatfield, Lady Everett, Lady Clare Egerton, Miss Egerton, Lady Leveson, Dame Marie Tempest and many more.

#### In London

THE period which used to be called "the season" progresses, haunted by striped awnings, red carpets, salmon, strawberries (and cream), champagne, Ascot and so on. While there are none of those, London is definitely fairly full again, flats are at a premium, and even some houses are being reinhabited. Lots of theatres are filled nightly, restaurants open and reopen, all filled with a floating population of people on leave.

Mr. Teddy Lambton, in the Life Guards, was one of these up lately, and dancing merrily; Mr. "Ruby" Holland Martin was another out that same evening—very tall, and with glowing red hair which got him his name. Captain Lindsay was enjoying *The Big Top*, and two ex-actor A.R.P. workers about were Mr. Max Kirby and Mr. Courtney Hume.

(Concluded on page 344)



#### Trying Out Some New Babies at Fulmer Chase

The Duchess of Gloucester visited the maternity hospital for wives of officers at Fulmer Chase, Bucks., of which she is the president. She was received by Mrs. Winston Churchill, who is chairman of the council, and Mrs. Edward Baron, who has lent Fulmer Chase for use of the hospital. Above the Duchess, Mrs. Baron and Mrs. Churchill are seen with the Matron and some of the new arrivals at the hospital. Afterwards the Duchess attended a garden party and went over the post-natal extension at Firecroft, Gerrard's Cross



#### February Wedding in Toronto

Dr. Robert Laidlaw MacMillan, eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. R. J. MacMillan, of Toronto, married Miss Eluned Carey-Evans at Trinity College Chapel, Toronto, on February 14th. She is the younger daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Carey-Evans, of 150, Du Cane Road, W. This wedding is referred to in "Social Roundabout," page 328



#### May Wedding in London

On May 30 Mr. Edward Inigo Lloyd Mostyn, Scots Guards, and Miss Avie Louise Trevor Dawson were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. He is the son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. James Mostyn, of The Old Mill House, Horley, Surrey, and his bride is the second daughter of Lieut.-Commander Sir Hugh and Lady Dawson



## Mrs. Drexel Biddle Collects Copy for her American Broadcasts

*Left: Just before going "on the air" Mrs. Biddle goes through the script with Group Captain C. A. Bouchier, C.B.E., O.B.E., D.F.C., Leading Wren Jenkins, Private Gibbons, A.T.S., and Corporal Robinson, of the W.A.A.F. Mrs. Biddle is wearing the uniform of the American Red Cross*

Mrs. Anthony Drexel Biddle, Junior, the wife of the American Ambassador to the Allied Governments in London, is one of the most energetic war-workers. She has the greatest admiration for the women in this country and the contribution they are making to the war effort, and is always ready to lend her support to a worthy cause. Mrs. Biddle has been broadcasting regularly to the United States recently with the object of telling American women just what British women are doing over here. To collect copy for these broadcasts, and so that she could speak convincingly from first-hand information, Mrs. Biddle carried out many investigations on her own. She visited East End shelters, inspected A.R.P. arrangements in many parts of the country and talked with members of all the women's services. With Mrs. John G. Winant, wife of the American Ambassador, she is a very active member of the American Red Cross Committee in Great Britain



*Mrs. Biddle inspects the Ambulance service at Bermondsey Station. She is seen with Mrs. Emily Bruin, a sixty-year-old warden, and Miss Jean Campbell, daughter of Sir Edward Campbell, who was awarded the British Empire Medal for her courageous services during successive raids*

*Left: To find out about the Women's Land Army, Mrs. Biddle paid a visit to Kent. She is seen with Mrs. Lance Monkton, voluntary district representative of the W.L.A. in Kent, and Miss Sandbrook Jones, of the Kent W.L.A.*

Photographs by  
Tunbridge-Sedgwick



*In the A.R.P. Control Room at Bermondsey Mrs. Biddle sees how urgent messages are handled. Facing the camera are Mrs. Richardson, Mr. H. Travers (Deputy Controller Civil Defence, Bermondsey), Mrs. Biddle and Miss Summers*



*With her script in front of her, Mrs. Biddle tells the women of America of her experiences with the women's services in Great Britain. With her is Mr. J. Warren MacAlpine, the B.B.C.'s senior North American Talks Assistant*



*Bertram Park*

## H.M. Queen Marie of Yugoslavia

Queen Marie, mother of young King Peter of Yugoslavia, is Deputy President of the Executive Committee of the Yugoslav Red Cross Society, of which her second son, Prince Andrej, is the President. During Yugoslav Week, which began on June 7th, exhibitions of Yugoslav handicrafts and embroideries are being held in Bedford, the proceeds going to the Yugoslav Relief Society, whose headquarters are at 46, Piccadilly. Queen Marie, who is a daughter of the late King Ferdinand and Queen Marie of Rumania, and a great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria, was already in this country when King Peter arrived in London in June 1941, after the Nazi occupation of his country. Her husband, the late King Alexander of Yugoslavia, was assassinated at Marseilles in 1934, and his eldest son, then eleven years old, succeeded to the throne as King Peter II., under the Regency of his uncle, Prince Paul. King Peter, who before the war was at a preparatory school in England, became an undergraduate at Cambridge shortly after he arrived here. His official coming-of-age was celebrated in London last September



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

LIKE so many other things, including string, tempers, sandwiches, the magic of blondes, members of the Orleans, and politicians' excuses, rum (rumbo or rumgullion) is getting thinner, says the Old Bold Mate of Henry Morgan. Or, at least, a connoisseur of rum we know in the City—the nearest thing to a 17th century pirate modern civilisation affords—informs us to this effect.

He was wondering (this pirate was) whether there is any of that noble stuff left in a famous inn on, near, or off the Portsmouth Road, where Nelson used to stay, and where, a little time ago, they inspected a keg or two of rumbo which had not been disturbed since before Trafalgar. It was so ropy and thick and luscious that the landlord had to carve it out in hard treacly chunks with a knife. Deep ruby-black in colour, it turned out to be, containing the essence of all the sunshine of the Caribbean, the deepest mellow notes of a Cremona bass-viol, the lovely golden glow of Giorgione's varnish, and the passionate yet lofty undertones of a Petrarch sonnet. (It's not we who are going lyrical, it's this stockbroker.) One liqueur-glass gave you all this and more, a second knocked you bowlegged and cuckoo. The long-saturated wood of that keg, when emptied and boiled, would yield finer rum than even a waste-paper contractor can buy nowadays, this stockbroker said, crying like a child. There is no more loathsome and disquieting spectacle.

## Brasshats

STILL receiving, like every other obscure Home Guard platoon commander, a fair amount of official paper every week (there's a word for it), we were interested to perceive from General Auchinleck's recent anti-red-tape order to the Middle East brasshats that Wellington, whom he quoted, had the same troubles.

That great iron snuzzle ticked the War Office quills off very efficiently, for the Duke was a terrible person (and never more terrible, in our estimation, than when kissing gallant old soldiers, as his custom was. George IV. kissed Wellington, too, in an emotional moment. What a sight! Where were we? Oh, yes), and Auchinleck should do great good also.

To be strictly just, the *paperasserie* is by no means so overwhelming as it was a year ago. Our belief is that the brasshats have written themselves out to some extent. "What the devil can we give these damn tailors to-day, Baby?" they cry, flicking their glossy boots with a switch. The lovely secretary-creature opens big violet eyes vaguely and bites her pencil. "Gath, or thomething?" she suggests shyly at length. "Gas hell, you little fool," says the irritable brasshat, "we fed 'em that line again the day before yesterday in W.O/8976/H.G.978/jj430, para. 19 (b)/MZ142/ff.8(ii)." "Well, let 'th tell 'em a nithe faiwy-thtowy," says Baby after some thought.



MAURICE M'CLOUGHLIN

"— Read any good forms lately?"

## (Secret)

THE one about the Magic Nodal Point and how Zone Commander Willie Woodchuck had tea with the Owl Princess, the week before last, was a honey, incidentally. More, please, sir.

## Pals

ONE of the drama-critic boys slipped up slightly, we thought, when he said recently that the leading female character in every French farce is always called Lolotte and the hero Raoul de Verville. Here is the cast of the typical Palais-Royal farce, made up on the spur of the moment by ourselves from memories of some 57 of them, and containing every essential character with his or her traditional name:

Monsieur Patapouf	Mlle. Zizi
Monsieur Bompignol	Solange de Flaflaville
Le Vicomte de Flaflaville	La Vicomtesse
René de St. Amant	Mme. Patapouf
Rigouille, agent	Mme. Bompignol
Un Monsieur Très Bien	Toto
Un Vieux Monsieur Distingué	Jojo
Victor, garçon de café	Une Dame Nue
Un Valet	Une Bonne

The show is generally called *Ca Y Est, Coco!*, and whatever its nominal date, it dates from 1865.

## Charmismus

SIR JAMES PURVES-STEWART's interesting remarks, in his new book, on the number of German prisoners of war in British camps who spend most of their pay on lipstick, rouge and face-powder, and even enamel their dainty finger- and toenails, the hussies, reminds one of that celebrated German Army Order which came out a little time after World War I.

So far as we remember it, all German officers, other than officers of the Prussian Guard, were forbidden by this order to paint their manly pans, a privilege reserved to aces and heroes. Being blown if we'll look up Tacitus, who describes the Boche so accurately, we can't say if that sourpuss refers to this age-long addiction of the Blond Nordic Superman in his day. Maybe the Boche paints himself to terrify his enemies, like the Picts; and if you've ever

(Concluded on page 334)



Anton

"Things are coming to a pretty pass—we can't even get powder for their wigs"



# Worcester College Garden Party

O.U. Conservatives Raise Money for Russia



H.R.H. Princess Aspasia of Greece and her daughter, Princess Alexandra, were among the 300 guests who attended the garden-party in the grounds of Worcester College, Oxford, organised by the Oxford University Conservative Club to raise money for Mrs. Churchill's "Aid to Russia" Fund



Above: Lady Digby, in uniform, was escorted by her son, the Hon. Edward Digby. They had tea with Colonel C. H. Wilkinson. Lady Digby's eldest daughter, Pamela, is the wife of Major Randolph Churchill, M.P., only son of the Prime Minister

Photographs by  
Johnson, Oxford

Right: The Hon. Derek Mond, ex-President of the O.U. Conservatives, brought his fiancée, Miss Yvonne Searle. Mr. Mond is the elder son of Lord and Lady Melchett. He stroked the Eton eight which reached the semi-final of the Ladies' Plate at Henley in 1939



Lord Berners was photographed with Miss Gay Margesson. Miss Margesson is the daughter of Lord Margesson, formerly Secretary of State for War, upon whom a Viscounty was conferred in March this year. As Captain David Margesson, he was Government Chief Whip for ten years



After a busy time auctioning chocolates and bottles of champagne, Princess Alexandra chatted with Lieut. Mariot (who represented General de Gaulle), Mr. Howard Huggill, President of the O.U. Conservative Association, and Lord Melchett. Lord Melchett is Deputy Chairman of Imperial Chemical Industries



# Standing By...

(Continued)

contemplated a typical pre-war Prussian cavalry junker, rouged, perfumed, corseted and monocled, with no back to his blond close-cropped skull, and that inhuman expression they cultivate so carefully, you'll agree it's a sinister sight, like one of Aubrey Beardsley's more *faisandé* fancies, or something out of the Dance of Death; and you don't wonder at the fate of the Cities of the Plain.

Or, incidentally, at the hellish noise of Slogger Wagner's works. The maids used to steal his mascara and it drove him crazy.

## Chum

CONTEMPLATING a fashionably-dressed woman tossing peeled orange-quarters out of an elegant box to a chimpanzee at the Zoo, amid a crowd of children with watering mouths, a Belgian observer was so impressed that he wrote to Auntie Times about it, complimenting the Island Race on its great love for our dumb chums, but wondering if "a certain discretion" would not be the thing in these hard times.

So it would, egad; and we detect a delicate irony in the Belgian's remark that this fussing over animals is "the sign of a true and high civilisation." It is, of course, a sign that the Race is plumb cuckoo and sodden with false philosophy, due to being cut off from the mainstream of European life and culture for four hundred years. Moreover this feeding of apes with oranges in wartime amid a crowd of envious children is exquisitely symbolic, and chimes sweetly with that race-suicide which, with cricket, is our principal national sport.

However (added old Uncle Cheeriboy, laughingly discarding the sackcloth mantle and rubber club of a Major Prophet and turning a somersault) there won't be any

children in these islands in another generation or so, as the best birthrate authorities keep warning us, so that'll be all right.

## Figure

DURING the bombing of York, it seems, Guy Fawkes's old school, St. Peter's, was hit; which will remind every admirer of this great English patriot that it's not only the five bigger public schools which produce the best men.

One reason Fawkes has no memorial statue in Parliament Square, in our unfortunate opinion, is that chaps who try to probe the dark involved enigmas and legal hocus-pocus of the Gunpowder Plot trial soon get fatigued and give up, calling it a day and assuming Fawkes to be guilty of caddish conduct of some sort, especially as he didn't go to one of the big five and not even a very expensive school either. Had Fawkes succeeded it would have been a very different cup of Orange Pekoe, as the Elizabethan poet truly remarked:

Treason doth never prosper—what's the reason?

If it doe prosper, none doe call it treason.

## Trove

A WASHERWOMAN's bill may be important, if she washed for Napoleon," remarked an official of the British Records Association recently, appealing to the citizenry to be more careful about what wastepaper they chuck away.

Everybody who has ever done any historical research knows what issues may hang on odd bits and pieces. If, for example, Napoleon had had a pair of silk socks washed in Milan, with a newly-discovered signed and dated bill to prove it, on the day history says he was in Tilsit signing a treaty with Russia, this bill might be what the Fleet Street boys (and nobody else) call a bombshell. We ourselves, po' white trash though we are, once proved that a French envoy supposed to be in



"What have you been doing all day besides growing more beautiful?"

Edinburgh in September 1539, was actually in London; a minute entry in Thos. Cromwell's household accounts, hitherto overlooked, settled it. It didn't matter much, as it happened, but if this chap had blown up Henry VIII. (we wish to God he had) and got away with it, it might have.

## Footnote

SUCH trifles as old bills are often extremely valuable to collectors. We once heard of a Big Business mogul who paid £500 and went nearly mad to get hold of a bill for a platinum slave-bangle. The bill was of no apparent historic or literary interest, except that it stated that the bangle was engraved inside: "To Oopsy-Boopsy, from Wooflums."

## Vision

THERE are times (as a soldier in the Middle East wrote in one of the weeklies the other day) when the word "England" summons up a vast, drab, hideous suburb packed with film-fans and readers of the *Daily Excess*, serried millions of vacant doxy pans in execrable bowler hats. And there are times, he added, when the word "England" summons up everything noble and lovely; especially when you're out of it and can't get back.

Whistling the two opening bars of the pipe-music in Justice Shallow's orchard from Elgar's *Falstaff* gives us this better England constantly, even when we're in the middle of the other; for which reason we're hoping, not very optimistically, that *Falstaff* will have been performed by the B.B.C., by the time you read this, for Elgar's eighty-fifth anniversary programme. The B.B.C. imagination, never very good, is so atrophied nowadays that "Elgar" connotes to those boys the Enigma Variations and nothing else. Whereas *Falstaff* is pure England, the old rich free gracious England, before the Bowler Hats got it. The Winged Hats were adequately dealt with centuries ago. Who can rid us of the Bowler Hats? (You probably wear one yourself.) The bowler hat is not an article of headgear but a state of mind. Ring up the Board of Fisheries and say Mumsie says that awful glazed look in Stinker's eye is driving poor darling Muriel mad.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Remember Frazer? He's a Welli-pilot now; and Atkinson has done multdamage with his Hurri-bomber in dailiraid on industallations in Occufrance"



*Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.*

## Lord Woolton, Minister of Food

Since April 1940, Lord Woolton has been in control of Britain's food resources. It is due to his foresight and careful calculation that we are assured of a plentiful bread supply all this year. There are few countries in Europe to-day so happily assured. When Lord Woolton was appointed Minister of Food, he started a crusade known as "The Kitchen Front." It was his first move towards making us a food-conscious country. Now, after nearly three years of war, we are a stronger and more vigorous nation than ever. Lord Woolton has succeeded where food faddists and diet eccentrics have failed for years. Under his regime, even our figures have improved! Before the war Lord Woolton was Chairman of Lewis's, Ltd., of Liverpool. He was created a baron in 1939. In 1912 he married Maud, the younger daughter of Thomas Smith, of Manchester, and has two children, the Hon. Roger and the Hon. Margaret Marquis.



## "Perchance to Dream . . .

*Ay, there's the rub; For in that sleep of death  
what dreams may come, When we have shuffled  
off this mortal coil, must give us pause."*



*"He took me by the wrist and held me hard;  
Then goes he to the length of all his arm . . .  
He falls to such perusal of my face,  
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so"*



*"To die,—to sleep,—No more; and*

*Hamlet, Robert Helpmann's second sensational ballet, produced by the Sadler's Wells Company, was inspired by Shakespeare's words. The ballet begins as Hamlet is dying. The tortured face of the dying Prince of Denmark (Robert Helpmann) is clearly seen by the audience as "four captains bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage." Then follows the death vision, and to the haunting music of the Tchaikovsky overture, the characters and situations from the play reappear as in a dream, fluid and overlapping. In sharp contrast to the rich magnificence of Leslie Hurry's costumes and decor, Hamlet, in the "customary suit of solemn black" with all "the trappings and the suits of woe," is a sombre, tragic figure. The fair Ophelia, "dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia, divided from herself and*





sleep, to say we end the heart-ache"

her fair judgment by the poison of deep grief," is portrayed by Margot Fonteyn. In the curtained death of Polonius (Gordon Hamilton), the duel between Hamlet and Laertes (John Hart), the poisoned cup of which the Queen (Celia Franca) drinks, the wounding of Hamlet and Laertes with envenomed rapier, the death of the King (David Paltenghi) at Hamlet's hand, and, finally, in the death agony of Hamlet, the Dane, "you that look pale and tremble at this chance, that are but mutes or audience to this Act," see before you the tragedy of "carnal, bloody and unnatural acts, of accidental judgments, casual slaughters, of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause; and, in this upshot, purposes mistook, fall'n on the inventors' heads." All this is truly delivered in Helpmann's *Hamlet*.







Marcus Adams

## Mrs. Thomas Dundas and Her Daughters

Mrs. Dundas is the wife of Captain Thomas Calderwood Dundas, younger brother of Sir Philip Dundas, Bt. They were married in 1933, and they have two little daughters, Kirsty, who is four and a half, and Davina, who is two years old. Mrs. Dundas was, before her marriage, Miss Isabel Goring, and is the daughter of the late Mr. Charles Goring and of Mrs. Goring, of Wiston Park, Steyning. She is a relative of Sir Forster Goring, Bt., Captain of Invalids, Royal Hospital, Chelsea. Captain Dundas, whose home is Culpeper, Balcombe, Sussex, is serving in the Scots Guards



# The Norwegian Red Cross

At Work in London



*Mrs. Guarles (in charge of the Red Cross Message Scheme), Mrs. Guinness (Deputy Chairman of Committee), Mrs. Huitfeldt (Honorary Secretary), Madame Colban (President of Norwegian Red Cross, British branch) and Mr. Eric Irgens (Chairman of Red Cross Executive Committee)*

Seven days after the invasion of Norway in April 1940, the Norwegian Red Cross and Norway Relief Depot was opened in London. Under the presidency of Mme. Colban, wife of Hr. Erik Andreas Colban, the newly-appointed Norwegian Ambassador in London, work was started at 27, Cadogan Square, in a house lent by M. and Mme. Norman Bohn. Later, when No. 27 became overcrowded, Sir Lindsay Everard, M.P., lent his house at No. 23 near by. From these two houses, thousands of garments (including nearly 6000 comforts knitted by the Wool Department) have been distributed to Norwegian refugees. The secretariat, working under the Red Cross Postal Message Scheme, deals with enquiries for missing men and prisoners-of-war questions, and is kept very busy, for Norway provides the ships and sailors that carry a fifth of all our imports and over one-third of all the petrol that reaches Great Britain. Close on one hundred thousand messages to and from Norway have already been handled



*Lady Wardrop, head of the wool depot, waits for Mrs. Collier to finish a seam. Mrs. Collier is the wife of Mr. Laurence Collier, C.M.G., who on May 17th (Norway's Independence Day) presented his letters of credence, as his Majesty's Representative to the Court of the King of Norway, to King Haakon. In the background on the left is Miss Ormestad, and on the right Mrs. Malcolm Thomson*



*Mme. Colban frequently visits the ever-busy workroom. Workers here include Lady Ponsonby, Miss Foulis, Mrs. Eckbo, Mrs. Taberner, Miss Lange, Mrs. Angell, Mrs. Olmer (who is at work on a surplice for one of the Norwegian Naval Chaplains) and Mrs. Sandal*



*Work is interrupted for a few moments to enable the photographer to get this picture. Front row: Miss Foulis, Miss Ormestad, Mrs. Malcolm Thomson, Mrs. Angell, Mrs. Sandal, Mrs. Somersfield, Miss Lange (with Pier Gyn, the mascot). Back row: Mrs. Eckbo, Mrs. Olmer, Mrs. Collier, Lady Ponsonby, Lady Wardrop, Mrs. Irgens, Mrs. Steel, Mrs. Taberner and Mrs. Conradi*



# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## The "Two Thousand" and Mitternacht-Essen

THE lay mind can visualise those thousand knights, sadly handicapped by having only one spur each, wheeling into line and turning the tap on full at the action at Ivry, but our imagination simply buckles at the idea of anyone being able to do the same thing with a thousand planes. These recent operations are probably only the Portal—in fact, we have been told so. I suggest that even Dr. Göbbels will have some difficulty in laughing this off. He has managed, so far as we can judge per "Haw-Haw," to get away with "completely destroying" the Russian Army and Air Force many times, but this latest, which he says is "brutal murder," must surely cramp him? Harris personnel is obviously as good as Harris materiel.

## Mexico—Germany's Jinx

THE beautiful and romantic country so renowned for its inexhaustible supply of hot water, which has now become Germany's newest foe, was also a jinx to her in the last war. And she is going to be the same thing again. It was Mexico, and not the Lusitania incident, which brought the United States into the First German War. The event was aided by the wellnigh inconceivable bungling of the German Foreign Office. It happened this way. One Zimmermann, who was at that time (1917) Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office in Berlin, sent a telegram in the code which the Germans, at that particular moment, believed to be quite safe and secret, to Von Eckhardt, the German Minister in Mexico City, empowering him to offer President Carranza practically unlimited financial aid, plus the territories of New Mexico and Arizona, which she had lost in 1848, if he would at once attack the United States. He was also to suggest that Japan might be induced to join in the party. Von Eckhardt was to point out that the U-boat warfare had as good as knocked out Great Britain, and that that being the case, Mexico would quickly have all the might of Germany at her back to obliterate the "contemptible" American land forces.

There was just one little slip. The "secret" code, by which this message was sent, had been in the possession of our Intelligence for some time. The Zimmermann telegram was decoded by us and transmitted in due course to the Secretary of State, Washington. This was sent after Mr. Walter H. Page, the U.S. Ambassador in London, had been shown the decoded Zimmermann cable. Here, however, is the real joke of the whole thing: the German Foreign Office continued to use this "secret" code after it was clearly demonstrated that it was in our hands. Could stupidity hit a higher spot?

## The Penalty of the Spy

SHORTLY before this Zimmermann-Eckhardt-Carranza incident, Von Rintelen, probably Germany's cleverest "agent," had conceived quite off his own bat this self-same idea of inducing Mexico to attack the U.S.A. and so hamper her aid to Britain, and had got things going quite swimmingly with Huerta, the deposed Mexican President. Huerta, being considerably imbursed with German money and promised a lot more, was quite ready to attempt a *coup d'état*, and was quite convinced that he would succeed. Very stupidly, Huerta went from New York to the Mexican frontier (far too close) for someone, who must have found out what was in the wind, put a drop of poison in his drink. Von Rintelen, whom I happen to know quite well and who is yet once again under lock and key, did not find out for some time what had happened to Huerta. His scheme, of course, went sky-high, and when the copy-cats Zimmermann and Von Eckhardt tried to go one better with Carranza, we see what a precious mess they made of it. Their records in the German Foreign Office must stand unsurpassed. On the very day that Von Rintelen was arrested in the early part of this present war he was lunching with me, and he was confident up to the last minute that the offer of his services and his very fine brain to our own Secret Service would be accepted. I believed that he was mistaken, but could not find it in me to damp his enthusiasm.

He detests "Von" Hitler, has a vast contempt for "Von" Ribbentrop, and has no use at all for the other two principal scoundrels. Von Papen, about whose career we have been hearing quite a lot per B.B.C., Von Rintelen cordially hates, because it was mainly through his criminal bungling that the fat was put in the fire—secret code, incriminating documents, cheque counterfoils and so forth. Von Rintelen is a very interesting and pleasant person to meet—but our people must have had special reasons for believing that he was far too clever to be left at large.

## A Second Blue Peter?

IF, as we have been assured, Lord Rosebery's Hyperides is a reincarnation of the same owner's 1939 Two Thousand, Derby and Eclipse winner, then the best colt is not too good to be able to despise him in this year's Derby. The eminent gentleman after whom Hyperides has been named was an extinct orator—that is to say, that no one thought his speeches worth publishing—but it is now obvious that his namesake must have a very big say in the great race on June 13th. In the Free Handicap 1941, Mr. Fawcett put Hyperides 5 lb. below Big Game and 6 lb. below Sun Chariot, now obviously to be sent for the Oaks and not the Derby. That was a perfectly justified conclusion on the Champagne Stakes running, when Hyperides was a short head and two lengths behind the winner, Watling Street intervening. Hyperides was backward, and it is only now that he has found himself. In the recent Two Thousand he was badly bumped and collided with one of the dolls marking the course. No one then knew what would have happened if he had not done this, but, taking a line through Watling Street, whom Big Game had previously beaten absolutely cold by four lengths, he would not have defeated the King's colt. Now Hyperides has run clean away with the Fakenham Stakes (1½ miles), the substitute for the Newmarket Stakes, the principal opposition having been held to be Umballa, because this colt had somehow or other managed to beat him, giving him 3 lb., by 1½ lengths (say 5½ lb.) in the seven-furlong Chatteris Stakes at Newmarket on April 29th. Hyperides ran very green: it was his first outing this season. In the Fakenham Stakes Umballa was never in sight, and the same thing had happened in the Guineas. He has now, very sensibly, been taken out of the Derby, and it is obvious that we must forget that he ever beat Hyperides. The Derby is not going to be the one-horse race that up to this we had imagined that it might be. It's going to be a fight, unless all the omens are very misleading.



Cambridge Men Beat Oxford at Lawn Tennis, But Oxford Women Win Their Match Against Cambridge

D. R. Stuart

The Cambridge lawn tennis team beat Oxford by 10 matches to 2 when they met at Fenner's this year. Members of the two teams are: (sitting) M. A. Dalal (Trinity Hall), T. R. Miles (Magdalen), J. R. Bridger (Clare); captain, P. H. Nye (Balliol); captain, R. H. Emmett (Emmanuel), M. A. Green (Christ Church); (standing) D. W. Emmett (Emmanuel), D. D. Warwick (Trinity), G. W. Anson (Caius), B. G. Neal (Trinity), S. Ardeskir (Hertford), C. D. Laurie (Brasenose)

The Oxford women's lawn tennis team were successful in their annual match against Cambridge, which they won by 12 rubbers to 5, on the New College courts, Oxford. Playing for the Universities were: (sitting) M. de Putron (Somerville), J. Boyes-Watson (Newnham); captain, R. Tyrrell (St. Hugh's); captain, P. Fitt (Newnham); (standing) J. Page (Newnham), M. Harvey (Somerville), O. L. Windsor (Newnham), C. A. Blake (St. Hugh's), B. Humphreys (Newnham), M. Weeks (St. Hugh's), D. Portway (Newnham), L. Minford (Lady Margaret Hall)



### Redundant Horses

THE Minister of Agriculture has issued the following appeal to owners of horses which have reached a stage in their existence when they cannot usefully be employed either by those who own them or in the service of the State. I quote:

"The Minister of Agriculture asks all those who own horses or ponies to consider seriously whether it is still necessary to keep them. No rationed feeding-stuffs are supplied except for agricultural horses, pit ponies, town horses and a limited number of thoroughbreds and hunt horses. But there are many horses in the country which are either too old for work or only ridden occasionally for enjoyment—some are old friends kept for sentimental reasons—which have been turned out to grass. The grass they eat in the summer and the hay they consume in the winter should from now on be kept for more essential animals. With the suspension of the basic petrol allowance it may well be that more horse traffic will be needed. Nevertheless, even allowing for that, there remains a large number of horses which are not essential or useful to the war effort and should be destroyed. The Minister hopes that in the national interest owners will respond."

Whilst the destruction of an old comrade between whose gallantly-cocked ears we may have looked as we sailed down to a big place, full of fire and courage, must necessarily cause a pang, we have got to recognise that we now find ourselves in a situation in which everything must be subordinated to the national necessity. Sentiment, unhappily, has to go by the board. The Minister is careful to point out that this request, which, incidentally, may be backed by compulsion, only has relation to animals which have outlived their usefulness. There are, on the other hand, and there have been in the past, many horses the elimination of which would be a positive benefit. I refer to horses which are homicidal maniacs, confidence tricksters, bad actors, who forget their parts at crucial moments, the whole breed of flat-catchers, prater-pluperfect humbugs and such-like. I feel that the Minister's appeal will be perfectly understood.

### Hotel Suite to Let

I UNDERSTAND that the suite previously booked in Shepherd's Hotel by a German officer will not now be required, and that his avant-courier who has just arrived in Cairo finds himself unable to take up the option. This is a pity, because although the weather in Cairo is a bit sultry at this time of year, it is absolutely charming by comparison with that at "Knightsbridge."



### Joitings from the July Course; By "The Tout"

The Hon. R. F. (Bobby) Watson is Lord Manton's brother, and trains with Frank Butters at Newmarket. Major Sir Ulick Alexander, Keeper of the King's Privy Purse, has witnessed Big Game's triumphs this season, to say nothing of Sun Chariot's achievements as well—hence the smile. Colonel Vivian Lockett, famous international polo player, used to skipper England, and enjoys a day's racing now and again. Captain N. Frieze owns ex-sprinter Mickey the Greek, whom "Chub" Leach (now a pilot officer in the R.A.F.) used to train at Graham Place, Newmarket. The Hon. Michael Strutt, R.A.F., also a patron of the same stable, is the Duchess of Norfolk's brother. Bombardier Harry Wragg is riding in great form again this season. He steered the King's horses last year, when Gordon Richards broke his leg



### At a Birthday Parade Johnson

Colonel E. L. Stevenson and Lieut.-Col. J. A. Douglas were present at a parade in New College grounds at Oxford to celebrate the second anniversary of the Home Guard. Lieut.-Col. Douglas is C.O. the Oxford Battalion, and Colonel Stevenson is Sub-Area Commander



### Officers of Station H.Q., R.A.F. Coastal Command, In a Remote Scottish Island

(Front row) Major G. Fleming; Flt. Lts. W. Molyneux, A. Welton; Sq. Ldrs. S. K. S. Kent, E. W. Pearce; Wing Commander R. L. Mills; Flt. Lts. T. Williams, B. Joseph, E. May, F. Mason, B. Hutchinson. (Middle row) P.O.s. B. Smailes, J. Henderson; F.O. C. Bennett; Flt. Lts. E. Akers-Douglas, C. W. Smethurst, S. Fenwick; P.O.s R. Bartlett, J. Thomas, M. Evans S. Heath, H. Greenwood; Flt. Lt. G. Crimp. (Back row) Sq. Ldr. T. E. Warner; P.O.s H. L. Rees, C. R. Crisfield, M. G. Meikle; A. K. Beken, J. Kilgour, M. F. Taylor, I. Watson, F. Bryant



# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Trio

"THE SOONG SISTERS," by Emily Hahn (Robert Hale; 15s.), tells the story of three remarkable women—Madame Chiang Kai-shek and her sisters, Mesdames Kung and Sun. Even the serious world, the world now locked in a struggle, inevitably, like Hollywood, has its feminine stars, and Madame Chiang Kai-shek ranks amongst the first of these. Something better than glamour surrounds this Chinese lady, who has placed her husband, her cause and her country always before herself. Her intelligence and her beauty, her energy, her poise and her courage, are now famous, and honoured as they should be. Her sisters are, to most of us, probably less well known. Miss Hahn feels that they deserve to be known better, and her book has been written (partly) to this end.

Miss Hahn, an American who knows China well, writes for Americans. It mortified me to gather, from her pages, that Americans must know much more about China than we do—or, at any rate, than I do. Miss Hahn appears to address herself to a public at least moderately *au fait* with Chinese affairs. This is not to say that she is not a lucid writer, good at compressing history, quick on her names and dates. But the ignorance of the ignoramus is something she cannot quite measure, or cater for. In a dreamy and ineffective way I have always felt an attraction towards China: she is my favourite of the countries I have not seen. Quite possibly there may be other readers like me. But my love for China does not prevent my finding her recent history (from the Boxer Rebellion up to to-day) really rather intimidatingly involved.

Miss Hahn, so far as I am concerned, has done a great deal, but not all, to clear up the confusion. The strangeness of (and the apparent likeness between) unfamiliar personal names and place-names creates all sorts of pitfalls for the wandering mind. Of any book about China, this would, I may say, hold good. *The Soong Sisters* demands, but *does* also repay, close reading.

It would not have been possible to isolate the life-stories of Eling, Chingling and Mayling Soong (who became, respectively, Mesdames Kung, Sun and Chiang) from the life-story of the country that gave them birth. A narrative that confined itself to family life, purely personal experiences and marriages, could hope to give no true picture of these three sisters. Without any loss of their grace and reticence, they have all been drawn into public life. In different degrees, they have each of them influenced the development of the new China. Her history and theirs are knit up; they have felt the repercussion of large events in their most intimate lives. As the wives of prominent men, they have taken the risks and endured the hardships attendant upon their husbands' destinies. To understand the Soong

sisters as women, one must also understand them as heroines.

## The Old and the New

ELING, Chingling and Mayling were the daughters of Charles Soong, of Shanghai—who had also three sons. The family had the old Chinese merchant tradition. Charles Soong, as a little boy, had been sent to America, to be apprenticed to and adopted by an uncle who in Boston traded in tea and silk. In the narrow expatriate Chinese home young Charles clamoured for education: this his uncle (believer in business only) denied him. So Charles (unlike more usual little boys who run away from school for a life at sea) stowed away aboard a ship in Boston Harbour and sailed south in search of schooling. The impression his brightness made on a series of Southern gentlemen stood him in good stead: he was baptised, and his benefactors sent him to Vanderbilt University, North Carolina, on the understanding that he was to return to China as a missionary. Charles did all he could to put this into effect: he was ordained, and in 1886 took up work in Shanghai. But he disliked his superior, could not make out as a missionary, and returned to business—though his Christianity always remained firm.

Charles Soong's wife was one of a family of "illustrious officials," well known in Shanghai. Though a Christian, she remained a Chinese lady of the old school, and appears to have been, in the bringing-up of her children, more than a bit of a martinet. Pretty Eling's, Chingling's and Mayling's childhoods were happy but not



## M.P.s at a Wedding

Mr. H. G. Strauss, M.P. for Norwich, Petty Officer A. P. Herbert, M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. Howard were present at the wedding of Captain Paul Wright and Mrs. Beatrice Rathbone, M.P., in St. Faith's Chapel, Westminster. A. P. Herbert has been Independent Member for Oxford University since 1935

easygoing. They all three left home for boarding school young. And each was still in her teens when, one by one, Charles Soong, still a fervent believer in American education, shipped them across the ocean to the Wesleyan College in Georgia. Old-fashioned Shanghai society found all this very odd—the Soong girls seemed unlikely to get suitable husbands and too likely to get unsuitable ideas. It was, however, three elegant, finished young creatures who, successively, graduated from the Wesleyan College and returned to dazzle their native town.

All three did, as we know, make distinguished marriages. And to these they did not have to sacrifice their ideas. Their father's home had become the rallying-point for the best of the progressive element in China. During the Soongs' girlhood came the revolution of 1911 that ended the dynasty of the Manchus. Like all revolutions, this was to be followed by a tortuous period; counter-revolution succeeded; faction-feeling ran high. Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, Charles Soong's associate, represented the movement to the extreme Left. Charles himself, with H. H. Kung (who became Eling's husband), followed the moderate Liberal policy.

Chingling, upon her return from America, took Eling's place as Dr. Sun's secretary. Her marriage to him only took place after some opposition from her family—he still had a wife living. And Chingling's increasing devotion to the Communist cause was for years to separate her politically (though not personally) from her sisters. China's internal strife and her rival Governments made relationships difficult. And Mayling's husband, the

(Concluded on page 344)

# CARAVAN CAUSERIE

HOW easy it is to forgive other people's enemies! Moreover,

By Richard King

think of as some distressing but valiant picnic!

It is strangely comforting so to do; rather as if we had fulfilled some Christian Purpose of our own. The world is full of mush-thinkers bent upon finding their repose at the cost of other people's justifiable acts of punishment. The last Great Peace was lost by offering olive branches to those who only wanted to refashion them into lashes. I don't think it will be quite the same after this war, simply because so many people, in previous wars safely out of the front line, have this time found themselves in it. And there is nothing like suffering yourself to realise how those who have made you suffer can rightly be brought to justice.

All the same, there is still a minority who see this war only in terms of tiresome ration-books and reduced incomes. They possess so little pity, except, peradventure, for the remote heathen, so little imagination, that only a bomb in their own garden convinces them that when this war is over no member of the Gestapo, no official of the Nazi tyranny, shall be allowed to slip through the vengeful cordon of those who have suffered indescribable torture of mind and body at their hands.

Incidentally, I am relieved to find that the B.B.C. is at last giving their listeners the grimmer side of war. Too many people, self-evacuated to a safe area, have sought mental and spiritual comfort in the thought that our men and women are wonderful and the war surely some Divine Purpose revealed in what they liked to

I only pray that when the war is over the young, and those who have suffered and lost, will help to fashion the New World. And this New World will be along the simplest lines possible. We want little or no bureaucracy, no expensive planning schemes; especially no communal-kitchen outlook, no crankiness, no chance given to those who always try to seize upon a world tired and bewildered to put their "isms" into practice. Just a world—or so it seems to me—where a man can get adequate payment for adequate work; where he need never be idle unless deliberately he seeks idleness (then let him suffer); a world where a decent man can live in decency and security; with a home of his own; a world wherein his children can have every chance; where he and his wife can build up their lives in safety; where sickness and death and old age don't spell material disaster: a world where the best in art and music and literature are within easy reach of all: a world where playing-grounds abound. Briefly, a world wherein both men and women can fulfil their destiny in their own way unhindered and unendangered.

Therein surely lies the foundation of human happiness—if happiness and contentment are ever to be found. Not a very staggering ideal surely? Therefore it seems insufferable that a handful of the gangster type should have thwarted it hitherto. So let us keep a resident firing-squad for them; since fear is usually the only means whereby such folk can be made to keep the peace.



# Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review  
of Weddings and Engagements



**Brewster — Winter**

Lieutenant David Brewster, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Brewster, of Enfield, Middlesex, and Nancy Winter were married at St. James's Church, Sussex Gardens. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Winter, of Marshall Drive, St. Albans



Lenore

**Miss Pamela Glessing**

Pamela Glessing, daughter of the late W. P. Glessing and Mrs. Glessing, of Little Common, Sussex, is engaged to Denys Ainslie, The Liverpool Scottish, son of the late Major E. Ainslie and Mrs. Ainslie, of Moore Lodge, Holmwood, Surrey



**Percival — Adkins**

Flight Lieut. Russell E. Percival, R.A.F.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Percival, of Purley, Surrey, and A.S.O. Ross Adkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Adkins, of Mill Hill, N.W., were married at St. Saviour's Church, Wallon Street



**Tanner — Roberts**

Captain James Henry Tanner, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Tanner, of Clifton Hill, N.W., and Helen Jean Roberts, younger daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. F. E. Roberts, of Dragonfield, West Worthing, Sussex, were married at St. Bartholomew's Church, Haslemere



**Rudland — Sillitoe**

Surgeon Commander R. S. Rudland, R.N.V.R., only son of the late Dr. R. Rudland, and Mrs. Rudland, of Coventry, married Audrey Cecil Sillitoe, only daughter of Sir Percy and Lady Sillitoe, of 3, Kirklee Road, Glasgow, at St. Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow



**Taylor-Whitehead — Fillbig**

Lieut. H. R. Taylor-Whitehead, 9th Queen's Royal Lancers, son of Captain and Mrs. Taylor-Whitehead, of Sutton Montis House, Somerset, and Mlle. G. M. C. Fillbig, daughter of M. and Mme. Fillbig-Hirsh, of Luxembourg, were married at St. Luke's Catholic Church, Wincanton



**Hill — Heard**

Lieutenant Denis Michael Hill, North Staffordshire Regiment, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Hill, of Rooks Corner, Rickmansworth, Herts., married Gwendoline Jean Heard, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Heard, of the Cedars, Prescott, Shrewsbury, at Baschurch Parish Church



Pearl Freeman

**Mrs. C. B. Rowan**

Elizabeth Joyce Walmsley, daughter of Sir Hugh Walmsley, of Scarlets, Colchester, and of the late Lady Walmsley, married Captain Colin Buchanan Rowan, R.A., at St. Leonard's, Colchester. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Houston Rowan, of Firth House, Greenock



**Helm — Parsons**

Captain Ralph I. C. Helm, Pioneer Corps, younger son of Mr. Helm, of Hampstead, and the late Mrs. Helm, and Mary Parsons, younger daughter of Major and Mrs. Leslie E. Parsons, of Baruch, Bartlett Road, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



# SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT

(Continued from page 329)

## Round and About

THE young Duke of Connaught has been on leave in London. The Duke of Sutherland was lunching at Pruniers, perhaps compensating with fruits de mer and the clever under-the-sea atmosphere for happy pre-war days on the sea in his yacht. Mr. Hubert Griffiths, the playwright and former critic, now in the Air Force, was out with Mr. Robert Newton, the sailor-star. Mr. Griffiths is just back from an interesting and exciting time in Russia; while he was there his last play, *Distant Point*, was produced in London. Mr. Winant was a distinguished luncher in Knightsbridge; he is the most American-looking person one can imagine. The musical firmament is represented in South Kensington by Miss Eileen Joyce, who has taken a little house there. So have Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wilding.

Young mothers abound, and war babies keep the race going. Lovely Mrs. Peter Quennell has just had a daughter; Countess Henry Bentinck's baby was born in the South, Lady Fiona Conroy Robertson's in the North. She is one of the five Abney-Hastings sisters, who have one brother, Lord Mauchlin. Their mother is Lady Loudoun, a Countess in her own right. Ancient, lovely, ghost-ridden Loudoun Castle has lately been destroyed by fire.

## Lunching and Dining

THE Duke of Rutland and his mother, the Duchess, were among the people using the newly-opened Berkeley Restaurant, which must surely be haunted by the ghosts of every debutante and guardee in memory, and have witnessed the visits to London of every hunter, shooter and fisher in the country.

Sir Robert Sinclair represented the Ministry of Supply; Sir Herbert Morgan was an obvious magnate; Colonel Zannuck ("z" for Zannuck" when spelling foreign names over the telephone) prospers in the film industry, which Mr. Robert Donat upheld from another angle; then there were Sir Alan Hutchins, Sir John Usher, Lady Cohen, Lady Revelstoke, Lady Sandwich and Lady Huntingdon.

## Early-Morning Frolics

LOVELY Miss Margot Fonteyn, whose enchanting and enchanted ballet roles make seeing her in real life an experience—Odette-Odile, flown temporarily from that haunted lake; Giselle, flitted from her tomb among the Willis; the Sleeping Princess deliciously awake, the God of Love from Orpheus strayed from her pedestal, Ophelia sane and risen from the dead—spent a short time among the large crowd enjoying the Early-Morning Frolics of Mr. Al Burnett and company. Mr. Constant Lambert was there, too, and among others in the packed, dark room were Miss Joan Maxwell-Stuart, with large, surprised eyes and an intriguing voice; Sir Ralph Anstruther, tall enough to be recognisable above the mob; Mr. Tony Wheeler (his wife is Lady Bertha Dawkins's daughter, and they have a young son); Mr. Derek Stanley Smith, a very amusing person, now in the bell-bottomed Navy; and Mr. Daniel Sykes, a bow-tie addict and younger brother of Sir Richard, of Sledmere.



Clapperton, Selkirk

## Garden Fête in Aid of British Sailors and R.A.F.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Palmer-Douglas lent the beautiful grounds of their home, Cavers, near Hawick, for a garden fête in aid of the British Sailors Society and R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. The fête was opened by the Countess of Minto. Above, back row, are Mrs. and Mr. Douglas Haddon. Centre, the Earl of Minto, Mrs. A. Palmer-Douglas, the Countess of Minto and Mr. A. Palmer-Douglas. The two children are Andrew Sudden and Nancy Martin.

# WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 342)

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, stood (at least in Chingling's view) for the extreme Right. It took China's recent sufferings under the Japanese air raids to bring the three sisters together in work again. Their reunion was under fire; in 1940 they threw themselves into relief schemes for devastated Chungking.

Mayling's marriage was also opposed by her mother—the ancient, too-civilised prejudice against soldiers, as no more than glorified banditti, appeared here. China's awakening to the realities of a new world had to be hurried by agonising events. The story of Mayling's marriage, and of her close participation in the career of her husband, is stirringly told in *The Soong Sisters*. . . . The book itself was written under bombardment: Miss Hahn's notes and parts of her manuscript were more than once destroyed. One must admire the patience with which she made good these losses. Her book has been well worth the pains she put into it.

## Threatening Sunset

"EPITAPH FOR EUROPE," by Paul Tabori (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.), is a chronicle of the last of the inter-war years in many countries. Mr. Tabori is a Hungarian who has travelled and read widely. His childhood was disturbed by the 1914 war; he was for some years a young refugee in Switzerland, and it is of that country that he writes most gratefully and in his most nearly idyllic vein. Since then, he has been foot-loose about Europe. If his writing is sensational, can one wonder?—he has had reason to take a sinister view of things. He shows curiosity, courage and few illusions.

The Europe of his writing reminds me of the Europe of Paul Morand, of the *Ouvert La Nuit* period—there is the same uneasy sophistication, the same rather theatrical despair. On the whole, Mr. Tabori has written the epitaph of much that we are really better without. Is it consoling to reflect that war, with the indifference of a fire, consumes evil as well as good? His chapter on the Germany of the 'twenties, "The Long Nightmare," is a haunting picture of neuroticism and of the exploitation of vice. One can see how the Nazis, with their presentation of at least some ideal, came to cash-in on a country in such a state.

Mr. Tabori's brush with French industrialism came later—not long before 1939. His "Jamais d'Audace" gives an inside view of the type of Frenchman who was to "go Vichy." His chapter on Italy, "Land of Exhibitionists," seemed to me on the superficial side, though it contains an interesting study of d'Annunzio. His Scandinavian passage is also sketchy, though vivid. He writes with real authority, and deserves rereading, on the subject of Hungary, "The Glass Prison"—this is a mentality it behoves us to understand. On the Slav question—"The Unfinished Circle"—he also says much one may ponder and take to heart.

Throughout, the hectic brilliance and the uncanniness of sunset light floods his book. Now the countries he writes of face their unhappy morrow. Some have elected to take up, in the present struggle, attitudes that we find inscrutable. To the mysteries of, say, Hungary and Rumania, Mr. Tabori offers some useful keys.

## Adventure

LIFE is an adventure—this may be a bromide, but it is true. In *The Farm by the Lake* (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.), Mr. Crichton Porteous locates the adventure-feeling in young city-bred Flo, of Barrow, setting off to take her first place as a farmhouse maid.

Flo is a likeable creature, "willing" and full of spirit. She shows the romanticism, without the nonsense, of youth. In the hand-to-mouth life of Balloon Street, Barrow, one must quite early arrive at some kind of philosophy. Philosophically, therefore, though not without sinkings of heart, does Flo leave her mother and sister and, in the smart new outfit her wages must go to pay for, embark on the train journey into Derbyshire. "God help you!" is one fellow-passenger's comment when Flo's exact destination becomes known. But "Peppery Monica," Mrs. Nadin of Mossdyche, is far from being the demon of local rumour. As an employer she is brisk, sardonic but fair. Her own la-di-da daughter, Dot, receives, just as much as Flo, the rough side of her ceaselessly active tongue. Taciturn Mr. Nadin is, as a character, equally well drawn. And the eventful routine of farm life, indoors and out, is excellently rendered by Mr. Porteous: it soon puts its spell on oneself, as it does on Flo. She is kept on the run, but can take it; at intervals she indulges in her own breathless and naive reflections. Though the novel has no conventional "happy ending," it leaves a happy suggestion of quite a good life to come. I can recommend this novel as good reading.

## Unusual Victim

I AGREE with at least one other critic in finding *Don't Monkey With Murder* (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.) the best of Miss Elizabeth Ferrars's detective novels—and her standard is high. The story opens with the discovery of an act of violence of a most startling kind. The doing-in of someone's young chimpanzee may not, strictly, be murder—it ranks as no more than destruction of property—though, incidentally, how lovable the defunct Irma had been! Much is brought to light by her death, and she is not the only corpse. The characters—most notably three young women—are vivacious and interesting. And the setting, the bleak but arty downland home of a managing spinster—has a powerful atmosphere. Also I liked the vicar—an old incorrigible. The mystery holds to the last page.





9  
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# THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

## BY M. E. BROOKE



Women who wish to get the best possible value for their money, to say nothing of their coupons, must visit the model gown department of Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street. It is there that the simple frock on the left may be seen, which is carried out in fancy crêpe showing an original broken leaf design and is a study in black and white relieved with red: the turn-over collar, attractive simuli pockets and narrow belt should be noted. In this department are likewise displayed some cheerful cotton frocks, of which, it must frankly be acknowledged, there is only a limited number. Before leaving these salons everyone must make a point of visiting the washing-frock department, where are to be found perfectly cut frocks which will act as a mental tonic when uniforms may be discarded



During the past year some women have become thinner while others stouter, no matter their age. Now Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, are making a feature of frocks for the younger woman as well as the older who is not so slight as she could wish. Above is an exceedingly practical dress cut so that it has a decidedly slimming effect. Although it is not in the true sense of the word a Utility frock, it may be likened to it, and until present stocks are exhausted Government regulations allow its purchase. It must not be overlooked that there is an infinite variety of Utility frocks which bear the words "Board of Trade Utility article"



Everyone must admit that the outfit on the left is delightful and flattering. Of course, it is worn over a perfect foundation garment which has been designed in such a manner that the movements of the wearer are never handicapped. It may be seen in the salons of Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. The well-tailored slacks are of flannel, the sweater is a study in gay colours, the jacket being plain; there are many variations on this theme. Divided skirts may be substituted for the slacks. Furthermore, there are twin sets, pullovers and cardigans carried out in the best wool obtainable. All the accessories have received special attention



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best things  
that are  
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## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

HAVING dined in a restaurant with her husband, a woman missed her gloves when she was on her way out. Murmuring something to her husband, she hurried back to the table to look for them. Not seeing them upon the table, she lifted the cloth and began to grub about on the floor.

Just then a waiter came up.

“Pardon me, madam,” he said, “but the gentleman is over there by the door.”

THE big-time gambler—always ready to bet on anything—staggered into the railroad station. He was well plastered.

“What time does the next train leave for Boston?” he inquired.

The clerk looked at the time-table.

“The next train leaves at six,” he replied.

The gambler drew a coin from his pocket.

“Can’t leave at sixsh,” he hiccupped, “so I’ll tell you what’s sh let’s sh do. We’ll flip a coin—twelve or nothing!”

“DON’T they teach you to salute in your company?” roared the major to Patrick Malone, who had passed him without raising his hand.

“Yes, sir,” replied Pat.

“Then why didn’t you salute?”

“Well, sir,” said Pat, “I didn’t want to attract more attention than necessary because I’m not supposed to be out without a pass.”

THE young bride was entertaining a visitor to tea.

“I cooked my first dinner last night,” she confided, “and it was a great success.”

“Really! I’m so glad,” murmured the visitor.

“Yes, my husband is going to get me a cook right away.”



“Must you splash about when I’ve got a headache?”

“THE British Navy,” says a humorist, “drinks rum. The American Navy absorbs whisky. But the Italian Navy sticks to port.” Presumably because it goes down more easily.

IN Aberdeen a doctor who was conducting an ambulance class asked one of his pupils what he would do if he came upon a man lying unconscious by the road.

“Gie him a glass of whisky,” came the reply.

“But if he couldn’t swallow a glass of whisky, what then?”

“Well, I wouldna fash wi’ ony mair. If he’s an Aberdonian and canna swallow a glass o’ whisky—he’s deid.”

TOMMY arrived home looking the worse for wear. As she eyed her small son, more in anger than in sorrow, his mother said:

“Tommy! Fighting again! You naughty boy! Look at the state you’re in—holes in your socks and your suit all in rags. Now I’ll have to buy you a new suit.”

Tommy raised his eyes to hers as he replied, grinning:

“But, mummy, I think Peter’s mother will have to buy a new boy!”

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**Freeing the French**

BED and breakfast, with their essential appurtenances, are the foremost ambition of every sane, human being. Highfalutin ideals, literary and artistic aspirations, honour and the cherished ambitions of statesmen, churchmen and sportsmen are all secondary to bed and breakfast. The builders of a better world for the future must have their bacon and eggs now and, in war as in peace, porridge comes before posterity.

Yet it appears that such calls as we can make to the inhabitants of enemy-occupied countries to come and join us in the battle, take little or no note of this fact. They hold out the glory and the honour of fighting for freedom, but do not make it clear whether the fighters will have satisfactory board and lodging.

An intensely enthusiastic and Anglophile Free French pilot not long arrived in this country, told me that the inducements to members of Vichy's air force (which is now growing to a considerable size) to join the United Nations rarely referred to the practical considerations about which Frenchmen have always and rightly shown a special interest.

**Logic and Loftiness**

To a few Englishmen it may be that lofty appeals would be adequate and would stir them to face fearful dangers. But I think that even for most Englishmen and certainly for most people of other countries, a promise of food and clothing is more stimulating than an exhortation to come and join the ranks of those who are fighting for justice or honour or freedom.

In the Royal Air Force there are people from many different countries. Their numbers are often being added to as men manage to escape from German-occupied territory. The Polish and Czech squadrons are among the best in the Service, and the enthusiasm and efficiency of the personnel of all the Allied squadrons are remarkable.

The more we can add to the numbers of these fine flyers, the better; and we should found our propaganda to the occupied countries on a hard, practical basis. I would suggest two things; first,

# AIR EDDIES

*By Oliver Stewart*

fuller public recognition of the work of the Allied air forces, especially of their bombing work, and, secondly, more emphasis on the fact that those who manage to escape to England will be housed and fed well and given reasonable pay and conditions of service.

**Conflicting Views**

WHEN one takes up the point about giving more publicity to members of the Allied air squadrons, the reply is sometimes made that names must not be given because of the risk that the families of the people concerned, who may be still under the German yoke, may be made to suffer.

That is no doubt a sound argument. But we could at least state that the Allied air forces took part. We could amend the official Air Ministry communiqué formula to include the Allied air forces with the Royal Air Force when their squadrons are working.

Another view I have heard expressed is that it is inadvisable to mention the Allied air forces because their members, if forced to land in enemy-occupied country, will then be ill-treated, or even shot. But there is no evidence of any such thing, and I think this argument is slender.

One other problem is that of providing for promotion. It is inevitable that rate of promotion is influenced by the rate of growth of a Service. It is well known that to keep a single squadron in the air there must be large reserves of manpower behind it. And although the number of men who escape from occupied territory is great—the figure of 3,000 was given in a newspaper the other day for Norway alone—it can hardly be expected to supply personnel to enable the Allied air forces to expand swiftly. Providing Allied air force members with reasonably

good chances of promotion, therefore, is a difficulty. But those in charge appreciate it and are trying to overcome it.

The chief thing to aim at, in dealing with the Allied air forces in England, is to see that they get good conditions of living and a reasonable chance of getting on. Nothing will be stronger inducement to others in occupied countries to take the risks of trying to escape than the knowledge that food and lodging, as well as a warm welcome, await them.

**Cannon in Libya**

IN the early stages of the Rommel attacks in Libya, Royal Air Force aircraft were using their cannon for making attacks on enemy road convoys. They had been doing this kind of work in the Western Desert on many occasions and with marked success. But this time the scale was greater than ever before, and the attacks were done with tremendous dash. They were in some measure a test of the cannon for this sort of task.

It has been recognised that a big calibre gun in an aeroplane is probably the best of all kinds of tank-stopper. It is a little doubtful if the 20-millimetre cannon—which is the R.A.F.'s standard size—is big enough. But it certainly works well against the more lightly armoured vehicles and against the unarmoured ones.

Meanwhile the bombing at the outset was done very largely by Douglas Bostons. They are extremely fine aircraft, and their high speed is an enormous asset in operating where there are enemy fighters in plenty.

Up to the time of writing there has been little information about what supplies Rommel managed to get across the narrows when the heavy bombing of Malta was in progress. It was believed at the time that the first purpose of those successive air raids was to keep the island quiet while the Axis ships were making the crossing.

The island was never kept quiet; but its value as a base for offence against the enemy must have been temporarily reduced. Perhaps this gave the enemy the opportunity he was looking for and let him move over some big convoys.

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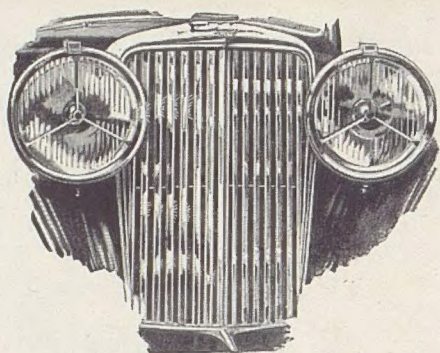
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